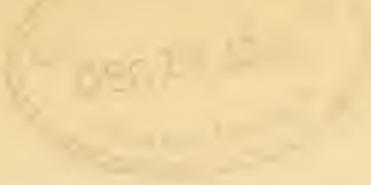


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MEMORIES OF HOME.

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

GLO M. BETTES.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
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PREFACE.



To the indulgent reader, I would say,
Mark not the frailties of the writer's lines,
But, rather, look on them as stepping-stones
To more progression in the future work.
With this apology, I would further add,
That I, whose sun is past the zenith, would
With feeble pen recall some memorials,
Or recollections of the childhood days.
We never live but once, nor realize
These happy dreams are past, till we have left
The clear shallow stream, fringed with willows
green,
And bordered o'er with roses sweet perfumed,
And launched our craft upon a broad expanse,
Where beauties 'long the shore are never seen,
Or else but dim the outline. We jostle on,

A unit in a million ; sometimes
Tranquil is the deep, and smooth our sails ;
Again, this mighty stream is turbulent,
And, so frail the craft, there's danger in the main,
Unless the helmsman, with unswerving eye
And steady hand, will guide us safely through.
As now I glimpses catch of this smooth stream,
Where myriads have embarked, their courses
All diverging from the starting-point,
It emboldens me to pen the visions
Of my early years ; not that they differed
In tenor or design, or were unlike
The rollicking companions of my play ;
But it does me good to sing, in childish key,
That which was set to music long ago.

THE AUTHOR.

MEMORIES OF HOME.



AWAY back, in the dimly lighted past,
First thoughts of home are vague, and overcast
With memory clouded ; save for mem'ries linked,
These thoughts would but be dim and indistinct.
I still remember well familiar scenes
That come athwart my mind like silver gleams.
The house, with clapboards weather-beaten,
Too small in size to hold a fete in.
Against the upright leaned a kitchen wing,
Which one might think a mean, dependent thing ;
But, when the reg'lar gales of Autumn came,
And the old house creaked, as tho' it were in pain,
Or often reeled, like some lost ship at sea,
The kitchen stout, her moorings held, while we
In this apartment waited for the morn,

And thankful were that it survived the storm.
To this vast wilderness my parents came
To found a home, and competence attain.
But what great hardships did they here endure,
To get their daily bread, and a home secure.
From break of day till e'en did father toil,
To clear the forest and to till the soil,
Or shingles make, and take them miles a score,
To keep the wolf, so gaunt, outside the door.
My mother to the spindle did betake,
And never ceased to labor for our sake ;
For seven children graced the fam'ly board ;
With such an outlook, there was naught to hoard.
The pioneers, who first come on the soil,
And who, from sun to sun, delve, drudge and
moil,
Are often cast aside, and their 'compense
Is reaped by offspring, or him who invents
To labor save, and, with more modern wares,
He patronizes toil with meaning airs.

The furnishings for home my father made,—
The clock and stove left out ;—not ill his trade.
But, if with modern homes we should compare,
The certain quaintness might induce a stare.
The darkened well-curb, and the old-time sweep,
With their surroundings, were in perfect keep ;
And purest water covered mossy stone,
And made this well a blessing to our home.
Before the door, in beds, grew hollyhocks,
And bouncing-bets, and sweetest pinks and phlox,
While knot-grass made a cushion for our feet,
And shielded them from cold and summer heat.
The cellar, made of sod, we called a fort ;
And all the vessels bound for our port,
We turned a loaded battery upon,
With lively zest and relish for the fun.
An apple-tree, close by, was often stormed,
A chicken-coop suspicious, we forewarned,
Till mother bade us haul our colors down,
And left us shorn of prowess and renown.

Well knew we ev'ry log that made the barn,
These stately trees had once adorned the farm ;
But, like the timbers in the ships at sea,
Their beauty lieth in utility.
So primitive and simple in design
Was this construction, yet it served its time.
The loft was kept for hay, and there we found
Eggs which were newly laid, in nests so round.
We sat upon the hay and stories told
Of wolves and bears and wild-cats, then so bold,
Till ev'ry corner seemed to us a lair,
From out of which there might stalk forth a bear.
The faithful Fan and Doll in stalls below,
With Bright and Brindle nodding in their bow,
Were taking luncheon from their noonday meal,
Of straying bits, or from the loft would steal.
Our fav'rite friends we ne'er forgot to feed,
Who never failed us in the time of need.
We never since have tasted milk like that ;
'Twas relished, too, e'en by the dog and cat.

Upon the barn-yard green, my brothers played,
With neighboring boys in Summer's ev'ning shade.
Their games were bat and ball or hide and seek,
Or whate'er took their fancy or their freak.
My brother Samuel for adventure bound,
Thinking, that an aeronaut he would confound,
Constructed wings to take aerial flight,
And on the breezes ride, as though a kite;
And from the summit of the barn surveyed
His chosen course, and never once dismayed.
So with extended wings, he rose in air,
And bade adieu to friends and mother's care.
He would soon a distance put to home and scenes,
And find it real, what once were boyish dreams.
But as the best miscalculate their flight,
And quite as often with the worms alight,
So, in this instance, Samuel, with a bound,
Fell ankle-deep in soft and muddy ground.
This same adventurer has maturer grown,
Yet in imagination oft has flown.

If, though his wings are more securely riven,
He often falls, with surer pinions given.
Here may the author's saying be reversed,
That goodness dieth, while evil is rehearsed,
May all our faults be buried in the clay;
The good remain behind, and not decay.

The farm was small, of acres twice a score
With added five ; yet Nature's richest store
Was in its season opened for our good,
And luscious berries formed our dessert food.
The setting sun was faced by clearing new;
The woods behind did more than drop the dew,—
They dropped the acorns, beech and hickory nuts,
So the fury tribes might all have banquets.
The huntress Dian, with her shaft and bow,
Had been content, for here the buck and doe
Had beaten paths that led from their retreat
To streams that slaked their thirst, in cold and
heat.

A living forest is a mine of gold,
A goodly heritage to have and hold,
And daily draw from it, as from a well ;
And every day the birds its praises tell.
Here artists wander, and portray in mind,
Or on the canvas, some o'er-straying hind ;
And for the background paint a feathery tree,
Or mossy dell, where roams the humble-bee.
A tinted leafy grove, or woodland height,
With branches waving in the morning light,
And Autumn berries red, and mossy knolls,
Is such a nook where poets love to stroll,
And sing of Nature's wealth and boundless sweet,
That make life real, and in itself replete.

One day in early Spring, my father took
An ax and auger, and we crossed a brook,
To where a grove of maples interspersed
With beech, and little vales were still immersed
In snow. In every maple tree he bored

A hole, and sweetened sap, which had been stored
The season past, came oozing out and dropped
In troughs below, as they had been so propped
To catch the amber juice. Here Nature had
Another sustenance to freely add.

The sap we gathered at the eventide,
And left in barrels, while we homeward hied
To dream of next day's pleasure half begun,
Before the rising of an April sun.

Ofttimes we're happy with foretasted joys ;
The lacking to partake makes equal poise;
Else too much gladness, all in one bright dream,
Would make the intervals a sluggish stream.

Not so our joys were measured, for the day
Was warm and bright, and Nature's green array
Was showing forth on hills and rising ground,
And bees drank in the sweet with buzzing sound.
We houses made of knotted moss and stones,
And furnished them with acorns and pine cones.
Before the sun behind the tree-tops hid

Its light, from brother John there came a bid
To fill the little molds with sugar brown;
This bidding came our happiness to crown.
So Bright and Brin took home a merry load;
In dodging trees they made a crooked road.
In looking back to childhood's small career,
These were the happy days of all the year.
Our next joy was the cheery robin's note.
We heard the medley of the frogs by rote,
And up the little winding stream there came
The bull-frog's croak; much like a scolding dame
Was its harsh voice, or some frightful mermaid,
Or crocodile, that eats the Indian babe.
This stream did generate, in early times,
The chills and fever, like to Southern climes.
As an unwelcome guest it came and went,
To tease and pain and worry was its bent,
Till up we rose, with weapons of our own,
And drove this phantom guest to parts unknown.

Our books were few, and papers, as a rule,
Were those we gathered at the Sabbath School.
We duly valued stories, prose or verse,
Nor criticised their lines, if rude or terse.
A pleasing reminiscence of the past,
And one we will remember to the last,
Was listening to the tales which father read,
While we were, in imagination, led
To mighty Egypt's "City of the Sun,"
Which charmed and moved the soul of every one.
Its ancient splendor, pyramids, and art,
Its gorgeous temples, and cities famed for mart,
Its gardens, obelisks, and fountains cold,
Altars, sphinxes, and statues of pure gold,
Its grave philosophers and learned men,
Sages and armies, skilled in war, as then,
And though untaught about this planet's girth,
It rose above the empires of the Earth.
Towering beyond the men with minds so rare,
Was Prince Remeses, Egypt's royal heir,

Who by his foster mother, Queen Amense,
Was found asleep among the rushes ; hence,
This little babe, so rescued from the stream,
When he became a man, saw in a dream
His life in whole, up to the magic time
It was revealed. Was act e'er more sublime
Than this noble Hebrew's ?—born to greatness,
And greatness he attained ; but thought much less
To be a king o'er Egypt's ancient pride,
Than lead his people forth and be their guide.
My fancy journeys back with rapid sails,
I still in fancy hear these ancient tales,
Rich in beauteous thought and eloquence ;
Even grander, to my narrow breadth and sense,
Than painter with his pencil does portray,
Or sculptor chisels marble, or molds clay.

The earliest recalling of my life
Was the dark thundering of civil strife,
Which seemed to hang around us like a pall,

And shut out sunlight, with its gloomy wall.
My thoughts about it, at the age of four,
Were, that it had and would forevermore
Continue. I remember, near its close,
That Lincoln's death seemed to increase our woes.
Though of its import we were still in doubt,
We knew the solar light had been put out.

The school-house, cottage-roofed, was small in-
deed,
And in it grouped some children much in need
Of culture for the mind. We oftentimes went
To this acquire, and oft on mischief bent.
But there we helped to lay the corner stone,
On which to build in all the years to come.
This structure served for school and meetings too.
There an assembly met, in numbers few,
Renewed their fellowship, and filial love,
And for good old-fashioned times they strove.
No organ played where they were wont to meet,

No choir sang the songs to measured beat.
Their tunes were Boylston, Rockingham and Webb;
A few of these, which some good sister led,
Comprised their complement in hymns of praise,
And kindled their devotion to a blaze.
No chandelier o'er festive crowds e'er shone,
And grab-bags were a scandal here unknown.
Hell-doom was the precept to the scorner,
And "Bless the Lord" came from each amen corner.

The sports for youth and maiden then were such
As not to keep them indoors over-much.
To walk a mile or so was their delight,
They oft convened, the wind and rain despite.
A comic character comes in this scene—
In stature short, bald-headed, somewhat lean,
With face smooth-shaven, ear-locks long and brown,
One gallows hitched a pant-leg up, the other down.
A quaintish hat his baldness covered o'er,

And here you have this character of yore.
One ne'er can tell, if garments hang awry,
The kindly hearts that under them do lie.
One ne'er can tell by the bigness of the hat,
The amount of brain which lieth under that.
Nor can one tell by silken garments fine,
How much of flimsiness do there combine.
This little man, at sight so unrefined,
Had, in his make-up, a retentive mind,
And books of fiction, read the week before,
He could repeat verbatim, to the score
Of youngsters, who assembled there to hear
These wondrous tales, from the little man so queer.
The books were his companions, for he led
A hermit life; and oaken branches spread
Their far out-reaching arms, as if to shield
His little hut from enchoachers of the field.
A smithy's shop stood furlongs from this gorge,
And Sammy furnished coal to run the forge.
The song reversed, is that we may forget

The stories old, but not the man we met.

No matter how in life a person ranks,
There are ever those who imitate his pranks,
My brothers, youngest two, in trio went
With neighbor Andrew, their fired passions pent,
Back in the forest, out of sight and sound
Of home; and, after many searches found
A site to build a hut. They there conceived
The project, after hearing tales which they be-
lieved,
Of Indian scouts, who skillful were, indeed,
In cunning strategems to suit their purposed need.
They took a gun, which had been proudly borne
By a vet'ran of a former war, and sadly shorn
Of polish, and of fixtures too;—not less
Hopeful were these brigands of success.
All day they lay in ambush for the foe,
And still were there, when the evening sun was
low.

When over e'en the robes of night were flung,
There, on its darkened wall, were pictures hung
Of cruel savage beasts, which might, ere then,
Be sniffing on their track, and, in their den
Devour them by piece-meal; this dreadful thought
To scouting put an end, and with it brought
A longing for the home they left at morn,
And the supper, that their hunger would not scorn.
This desire came over them anew,
When a screech-owl, from his perch, said, "Tu-
whoo."

They quickly left the foe they had not seen,
And scampered homeward, by the starlight gleam,
With a promise to their parents of reform,
And a thimbleful of wisdom gained since morn.

A straying little beam,* came 'cross our way,
And shone before us all the live-long day.
For like a sunbeam was this little one,

—* A little sister who died in infancy.

Who came to gladden, for a time, our home.
But the great Sun withdrew the lesser light,
And our pathway was as dark as night.
No other sunbeam ever took her place
In our hearts. But morn came on apace,
For childish sorrow never lasts o'er long;
The wound's not deep, for not so deep the prong.

These are some glimpses caught of early life,
Which savor less of discontent and strife
Than later years. And if we penned the scenes
From thence to now, the real living dreams
Of later time, would suit the public best,
And meet applause, with more of zeal and zest.
Not only would less vague the dreams appear,
But the growth of thought be met, from year to
year.
And why I write thus, in this childish strain,
I gave you, in the first of this refrain.

The scenes are new, and characters who then
Appeared upon this real drama, when
The play was in effect, are changed, or gone
To a more perfect life. As rosy dawn
Succeeds a wild tumultuous night,
So this exemplifies, that life beyond is light.
Maria first went from the fam'ly flock;—
Her sudden death came to us with a shock.
In disposition, she was best of all,
And gave a quick response to kindness' call.
Then father said farewell in rip'ning age,
And we were thus bereft of counsels sage.
Franklin left a void 'round the hearth and home,
To pass where he will know as he is known.
Lastly, mother said adieu to care,
To meet in reunion with the fam'ly there.
The rest of us are still upon the stage,
To front the ills of life, its storms assuage.
Samuel, Ambro, John, and sister Nan,
And I, your servant, latest in the van,

To enhance one single talent small,
And as in me lies, to do good to all.
And while I've feebly tried to youth portray,
And taken pleasure in this roundelay,
My thoughts revert to time that's been misspent.
Why idle seem, when time is only lent?
And often with our brilliant hopes so high,
The mirrored future, and success so nigh,
One deviating thought, with more in train,
Will turn our course of life, our prospects maim.
And if we have what nature gives the best,
With lack of will, lies sleeping in our breast,
I find in life, the gifts we overlook,
And don't improve, will make the larger book.

A WESTERN SNOWBOUND.

WE saw the Eastern Magnet rise,
And lighten up the Western skies,
With superfluous light.

Bright and effulgent were its rays;
It said to us, that brighter days
Would counteract the night.

In childhood we were highly pleased,
And from our sorrows quite appeased,
To see a robin's nest.

But since of life we more desire,
There's nothing more to soul inspire,
Than a sunrise in the West.

We saw the morn blend into day,
All nature seemed as bright and gay,

As groom on bridal morn.
But soon the sun began to frown,
And through the lowering clouds look down
At us in angry scorn.

With hands upon the casement wide,
We outward looked and prophesied,

A storm was coming soon.
“ ‘Tis coming slowly,” some one said,
“ Look out for breakers now ahead,
That’ll drift us to the moon.

“ The cattle in the shed we’ll feed,
And plenty of it, too, they’ll need,
To make them snug and warm.
The horses we’ll attend with care,
Then fuel from the shed prepare,
To last us through the storm.”

It stilly came, slowly at first,
At e’en we thought a cloud had burst,

In wrath upon our heads.
The Furies seemed to all unite
In war, and madly did they fight,
And sound the battle's tread.

When dreary night to morn unlocked,
We went to feed our well-housed stock,
And turned the kitchen knob.
Nought could we see, of earth or sky,
The snow lay heaped up mountain high,
And fell like an angry mob.

Imprisoned were we, for three long days,
The snow obscured the sun's faint rays,
And piled the traversed road.
The cattle bellowed in the shed,
The horses stamped because unfed,
The cock impatient crowed.

We heard afar the sheep's faint bleat,
Where closely huddled in a heap,

They chewed their swallowed cud.
The fuel now was well-nigh gone,
So dimly through the grate it shone,
It chilled our very blood.

The cloud that's always silver-lined,
Is never brighter to our mind,
Than when it is contrasted
With one that's heavy, dull and dark,
Where not a single ray or spark,
Shines on its hopes so blasted.

If thus the moon would always shine,
And never let her light decline,
Nor hide from us entire,
Our moonlit nights on land and sea,
Would unappreciated be,
Just like a shepherd's lyre.

In musing of the things of Earth,
We often wonder, if our birth

Had taken place in Heaven,
And sorrows here, had been unknown,
Would all the stars as brightly shone,
In each kingly diadem ?

So when the storm was fairly stayed,
And our fears were thus allayed,
With shovels all around,
Cheerily we did set to work;
No one his morning task did shirk,
To succor those storm-bound.

By noon, our task was much the lighter,
The stock was fed, and things seemed brighter,
Than they had been for days.
Our neighbor's house-top was in view,
And sparkled in the sunlight new,
Like diamonds ablaze.

Now, reader, when in accents clear,
About our glorious West you hear,

In holiday orations,
Reflect a moment, and you'll find
Our cloud's not always silver-lined,
But lined for the occasion.

IN MEMORY OF EDWIN LUTZ.

A SCHOOL-BOY once, and playmate dear,
When sorrows sat more light than now,
On childish heart and childish brow,
And time was measured not by years.

A studious and thoughtful boy
Was Edwin ; and to those in need,
Was kindly helpful ; thus the deed
Did merit the reward of joy.

The attributes that marked the child,
Enhanced, and also marked the man ;

But life is such a misty span,
It vanisheth in sunlight mild.

Thy years were early numbered here,
But meted not is life by time ;
And three-score years might have been thine,
For deeds count more for life than time.

Thy services we need in truth,
In town and council hall and state ;
May thy example not abate,
But live and guide some careless youth.

Thy praises here we leave unsung,
And here condole with the bereaved,
For oft in common we have grieved,
By common lot our hearts are wrung.

But mourn we not as those do mourn,
Whose only hope lies in the grave ;
For He, Whose mission is to save,
Can bind the hearts so sadly torn.

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS.

THE mother's glad when even comes,
And sees her restless little ones
 All snugly put in bed ;
For since the morn their noisy chatter,
With never-ceasing klick-clatter,
 Has tried her aching head.

She hears anon their boisterous shout,
As down the hall their laugh rings out,
 That shakes the very plaster.
They now ascend the hall-way stairs,
Some singly come, and some in pairs,
 To see who'll come the faster.

But one too far did try his skill,
And imitate the famous Jill,
 Who tumbling after came ;
Except he did not go to bed,

But mother had to mend his head,
And soothe him just the same.

They played at teaching District-school,
Where all would have to mind the rule,
But one would be the teacher ;
They'd gather quietly at church,
And some would wink and others smirk,
While list'ning to their preacher.

The patient mother bore the noise,
From all these romping girls and boys,
If peaceful was their play ;
But when their voices rose in strife,
She said, " My children, make of life
One bright, unclouded day."

So e'en has come, and prayers are said,
And they are snugly tucked in bed,
To sleep, and sweetly dream.
The hall-way now is very quiet,

And silence reigns instead of riot,
And restful is its mien.

An hour now, to think or read,
Or patch and mend, as most she needs,
Must not neglected be.

Mother's soliloquies are brief,
In these she always finds relief,
And recompense in fee.

The hour glides by, she takes a peep,
And finds her babes are all asleep,
And sweet is their repose.

Their pictures artists must admire,
And worth a lifetime to aspire,
Like these to paint a rose.

Sweet innocence is on their brows,—
May Heaven help them then as now,
When, on Life's flowing tide,

Their waves go out to meet the ocean,
And join in more or less commotion
With those that's by their side.

The mother, resting there the while,
Is justly pleased. Their lingering smiles
Requite her thus in full
For all their noisy play and clatter,
And little wee ones' pit-a-patter;
Such blessings cover all.



THE AUTHOR.



WHEN first an unskilled author starts to write,
In metrical gyrations is his flight,
His pinnacle metes to a certain height,
With little difference.

He meditates and searches into lore,
For that which might confirm his statements o'er,
And tries to find an entrance through the door
That leads to higher ideas.

To consummate expressions of his thought,
May months and years consume, of matter brought,
And then be dubbed as worthless and for naught,
By those who cannot fathom.

His work is done, though never quite complete;
The thought is there, but stripped of raiment neat,
By critics, who doth sit in judgment-seat,
To interpret him aright.

In accordance with the founded rules of art,
A skillful judge may give his writings mart;
But who can understand the writer's heart,
Or measure his intent?

No critic, howe'er wise, can read aright,
And follow in the vales and up the height,
Of desert, wilderness, and groves of light,
With his length of leveled rule.

Some give his verses credit, though they're
maimed,
And others with an apathy unfeigned,
Say, "They're well enough, though I've not
deigned
To give it second thought."

Rather be their answer pro, or con,
Than have the two opinions joined in one;
In truth it only breeds a scorpion
That leaves a sting behind.

THE LITTLE SAND MAN.

A LITTLE man with shoes of tan,
Comes nightly to our door;
He takes a peep. If we're asleep,
He hears our noiseless snore.

His nose is flat, just like his hat;
He's just three feet in height.
In one wee hand is a bag of sand,
He carries round at night.

“What does he do,” said Bobbie Drew,
Whose years were only four,
“To find our house, just like a mouse,
Then peep in at the door?”

“Why Bobbie Drew,” said sister Sue,
“I'm really quite surprised.

The sand he brings, he gently flings,
Straightway in both our eyes."

"Our eyes! why Sue, it can't be true
He'd do so mean a trick.

Just let me catch him at our latch,
I'll hit him with a stick."

"Be brave if you can, my little man,
You've courage, I'll allow.

The way you wink, and nod, and blink,
He's throwing at you now."



NOT A POET, BUT A RHYMER.

THEY say my life is but ill-starred,
And though to make a country bard
Would be a worthy recompense*

—* Honor.

For given talent, mind, and sense,
I think the recompense far greater,
Yet not to plaudits do I cater.
For poets do not write for fame,
And but ill-gotten is the gain,
If simply grievance, fame and pelf,
Gains uppermost his highest self.
For grievances, though good in kind,
Are often a distempered mind,
And he who courts the maiden, Fame,
Oft carries in his wake a train
Of empty vanities and bubbles,
That worry more than common troubles.
A poet writes as he is taught,
And gives to all his highest thought.
His thought is for the common good,
To edify his brotherhood,
And make of man, in ev'ry feature,
A sympathizing human creature,
Whose heart, like purest molten gold,

Is fashioned in divinest mold.
Though shorn of most of poet's gifts,
And that which in a sense uplifts,
We know their lines are something finer.
I'm not a poet, but a rhymer.
A poet's mind soars to the skies,
And penetrates its mysteries.
It rides the wheels of Saturn's car,
Keeps pace to pace with Jupiter.
It feels the warmth of Neptune's rays,
With Venus fair could end its days.
It sails the blue ethereal sea,
And measures off infinity.
The stars are beacons for its course,
And gravitation is the force,
Which holds to windward all its sails,
While steering free from storms and gales.
The planets are the rudder strong,
Which guides this wondrous boat along.
The port is never quite in view;

He pulls ahead, there's work to do.
His sail is interrupted here,
He gravitates to our sphere.
Here Nature wears as bright a robe
As in the great Celestial globe.
This morn, he started with the lark,
His eye full set upon the mark,
And soared along this tireless course,
Until a streamlet, near its source,
Mirrored full length the giant oak.
They soared o'er ocean, lake and rill,
O'er mountain, highland, plain and hill,
They traveled thus from West to East,
And what they saw, to say the least,
Were all the beauties of the earth.
They traversed round its wondrous girth;
Their journey ends where it began;
Exultant feat, the world to span.
The giant oak they saw again,
And thither flew to it in twain.

The lark in summing up the best,
Was overjoyed to find its nest.
And fairest palace hall or dome,
Was not to be compared with home.
Then spoke the lark, “To say the least,
Contentment is continual feast.
And whether tradesman, lawyer, teacher,
Priest, prelate, parish preacher,
And men with high or low vocation,
Should be content to fill their station.”
If not a poet, we’re content
To give our thoughts in lines well-meant.
A poet’s song, if measured be,
Is full of richest harmony,
A certain something, that’s diviner.
I’m not a poet, but a rhymer.

“QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.”

Written May 12, 1898.

WHEN England with might and oppression,
Held tyrannous sway o'er our land;
When Parliament sat in its session,
And held the reins tighter in hand;
Our Hancock, Adams and Sherman,
With Franklin, Henry and Lee,
And many more found in the van,
And all upon this did agree:
That England infringed on our people,
And, by setting said wrongs in array,
Would reach from the base to the steeple
Of Trinity church in the Bay.
Such ills as England heaped on us
Are more than doubled by Spain,
Whose purposes, dark and ominous,

Have rended the country in twain,
Where loveliest palms wave their branches,
Like plumes in the cap of a knight,
And cocoa-leaves in a cluster
Are always a beautiful sight.
This lovely Island of Cuba,
That Spaniards for hundreds of years,
Have either by pillage or fray,
Kept constant its grievance and fears,
Has hopelessly sought for its freedom,
From crushing injustice to right,
And would count it a generous boon,
For the power of franchise, in trite.

The great and noble Columbus,
Succeeding, at last, to obtain,
Through petitions bold and venturous,
A favorable hearing with Spain,
Sailing westward, he found in his course,
The “Queen of the Antilles,” Cuba,

Whose magnificent rivers take source
In the mountains, grand and lofty.
The atmosphere is fragrant and clear,
And flowers are unrivaled in hue;
Here nature, throughout the whole year,
Exhibits her beauties anew.
The crafty and daring Cortez
Took the opulent city of Aztec;
The splendor and wealth of the Incas,
Pizarro completed its wreck.
But, how was Columbus awarded
For this greatest achievement of man?
The smaller of children have read
Of injustice by King Ferdinand.
By age, and infirmities broken,
And wearied with hardships and toil,
He lived his last days with no token
Of friendship from those of his soil.
He, neglected in poverty, died,
And was buried with pomp and great show;

His countrymen came to his side
With honors too late to bestow
On a nobleman, greater than king,
The tribute befitting his name.
We regret that death only did bring
Him exalted repute and fame.
What right has Spain of oppression,
Any more than people with slaves?
It is not a claim or concession,
But her nature that constantly craves
To oppress, and bring in control,
And shift her onerous burden
On Cuba, with words that cajole,
While she saps the life-blood of her men.
For these, and other oppressions,
The Cubans, without any hope,
Have risen against these oppressions
Against an unjust power to cope.
America hears o'er the waters,
The cry of injustice and wrong,

From Cuba's brave sons and fair daughters,
Who have borne these oppressions so long.
She hears it from towers and domes,
From her castles and fortresses strong;
From thousands of o'er-burdened homes,
In patriot and soul-stirring song,
From her rocky and picturesque shore,
Her avenues, garden, and plain,
From the crimson-dyed garments and gore,
Of our seamen on board of the Maine.
The chief of our army and navy
Has issued a call or proclaim,
And thousands have rushed to the fray,
From o'er this extended domain.
He calls not for religion or creed
Nor those of a faith does he seek,
Nor Protestants to march in the lead,
Nor Catholics, Roman or Greek.
He calls not for Germans or Poles,
Nor our Scandinavian brothers;

Nor Scotts from the sands and the shoals,
Nor Englishmen, kin of our mothers.
He calls not for Yankees alone,
Nor for citizens, white or black,
But he calls for America's own,
Who will loyally lead the attack.
For patriots, inspired by love,
To battle for country and right,
Who in concord and harmony move,
And fail not in courage or might.
Paul Jones roused the patriot heart,
While Perry in gallantry vied,
Brave Farragut oped the Southern mart,
But in Dewey, we glory and pride.
The one who reads history past,
Of Cuba's great struggle for right,
Will gladsomely welcome at last,
The day that's already in sight.

THE WRECK OF THE SULTANA.



GREAT as was the loss of life, so dire,
On board that noble battle-ship, the Maine,
Which stood in waters that the wily Spain
Has held in sov'reign rule, and vents her ire
On unsubmissive heads, this loss, though rare,
With what we here relate will not compare.

To the survivors of that awful wreck,
Which happened near the close of civil strife,
Between the North and South, when loss of life,
The unseen Hand was very loth to check;—
We join in thankfulness, that such a fate
They missed. To them, these lines we dedicate.

Two thousand Union men at Vicksburg lay
In waiting, for an up-bound boat to pass.

These soldiers had collected there enmasse
From prisons in the South. Without delay,
They boarded the Sultana, and her gong
Signaled departure, with her cargo strong.

Sons and fathers here rejoined each other,
After bearing hardships on the Southern field,
Or in prisons languished, without a shield
From tropic heat. In storms exempt from cover,
Till loathsome effects made their bodies ill,
And many died, whom powder failed to kill.

These prisoners had either been returned
For Southern men that lay in North confines,
Or by their keeper's flight to Union lines,
Had made escape—by artifice—well-earned,
And left the South, with biased minds unsown,
And contemplated meeting friends at home.

The River old, which DeSoto did espy,
Had many freighted boats pass by her piers ;

But none more weighty, nor just light of fears,
When they the city Memphis did descry,
Her spires shining as that many suns,
And well-defended then by Union guns.

What thoughts were theirs, that after months and
years

Of weary march by day, and rations rude,
Too insufficient for their daily food,
At night on grounds so damp and bare and drear,
To make their beds, regardless of the rain,
And chilling dews, that numbed their very brain.

Methinks the boat at Memphis stopped too long,
And with impatient feet they trod the deck,
Awaiting for the captain's signal beck,
And passed the time in jocund laugh and song.
The boat was crowded to its full extent ;
The soldiers even found their slumbers pent.

'Tis one o'clock ; the sun is making East ;

Before her beams are here, hundreds of souls
Will have a pass beyond this earthly goal.

The Sultana, with power so increased
To move her cumbrous load, one boiler burst ;
Spare us the sight, to those who saw it first.

Terrific thunder was as like to that,
Which burst upon their senses, every one ;
A light'ning stroke was never surer done,
Than when her steam expanded. A thousand sat
Or lay on deck, and died without a moan ;
Five hundred more were in the river thrown.

These honest men had thus espoused the cause,
To save our Union, and to freedom gain.
They rest from warfare, while the cause remains,
Embellished by their toil with fitter laws.
“ Discharged from service,” reads the great
command
From Him who holds all power in His hand. □

A LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.

A FRIEND presented me a book,
In Russian leather bound.
How came she thus to overlook
What I so quickly found ?

To me a question is unknown,
And never was explained,
Though many suns their course have run,
And many moons have waned.

The book, when opened, caught my eye,
Not on the Poet's words,
Which savored of high tragedy,
And all one's feelings stirred ;

But in a knot of ribbon blue,
Securely tied with care,

Lay on its pages, almost new,
A lock of golden hair.

The memories that seemed so real,
Themselves arrayed before
My sight, and through the mind did steal,
Like resurrected lore.

This lock had once adorned the brow
Of childhood, sweet and fair,
More innocent of guile than now,
And solely free from care.

Perhaps some cherub of a boy,
Asleep at mother's knee,
Her light, and pride, and household joy,
A winsome lad, may be,

Had thus been shorn of one wee lock,
For a souvenir to keep,
While he was dreaming of the flock,
That strayed from small Bo-Peep.

It might have been a precious curl
From Baby's locks of gold,
A playful, darling little girl,
A lambkin from the fold,

Lent for a time to mother's care,
But found this fold of man,
Too insecure from worldly snares,
For this harmless one ewe lamb.

Maybe this laughing, infant child
To womanhood has grown,
And little ones have daily smiled
Around her hearth and home.

If none of these our thoughts can claim,
O tell me, tell me where
This infant child, and wherefore came
The lock of golden hair.

THE VULTURE AND THE LAMB.

ONCE in a gallery hung
A picture new and rare ;
It might have been a master-piece
From one of the art schools of Greece,
And lauded everywhere.

Or else it was designed
On our pictured shores,
Where a cloud-capped mountain rears its head,
Its base with verdure over-spread,
And deep its hidden stores.

Its history knew we not,
Nor did we there find out ;
We valued not the artist's taste,
For, whether verdant fields or waste,
We might have been in doubt.

But, this is what we saw,
And why we stood to pause ;
There, on the grass, a lifeless lamb,
And, standing over it, the dam,
To keep it from the claws

Of a rapacious bird,
A vulture, which inclined
To seize the lamb, and there devour,
For it, if such were in its power,
On lifeless beasts rapined.

The mother, with a mien
That bade the bird, forsooth,
Not touch her lamb, begot a thought
So real, and to our mind it brought
This simile of truth :

If, when a mother sheep
Could so protect her young,
And save its lifeless body from

The vulture's greedy talon,
How more intense among
The human mother kind
Would this emotion be,
To save her living young from ills,
From tempting vice that charms and kills,
Or lures the soul in jeopardy!

LITTLE NED'S UNCLE SAM.

I'VE heard about an Uncle Sam,
From people large and small;
He cannot be a little man,
And Uncle to us all.

He must be real tall and stout,
And very rich indeed,
To own the land around about,
And all the people feed.

I've heard his age is very great,
A hundred years and more,
Since he began to celebrate
His birth with much uproar.

They say, the day that he was born,
Must long remembered be;
A new republic came that morn,
That could stand uprightly.

So I suppose they must be twins,
He, and our Uncle Sam;
They doubtless played at game of pins,
Or made a mud mill-dam.

Notwithstanding his many kicks,—
Our Uncle grew; but, when
His fathers numbered fifty-six,
And all good honest men,

We knew his mothers must have been
In numbers just the same;

We hope he got no scoldings then,
From each good-natured dame.

But, if I ever see him, though,
No matter where I am,
My coat and hat aside I'll throw,
And hip for Uncle Sam.

BRIDGET'S CURTAIN LECTURE.

“OCH, Mickey! Ye've been gude as yer wurred;
Ye sed ye'd come airly tonight;
And airly it is, ye ould bird!
Awakin' me up 'fore 'tis light,
Wid yer hat all smashed in at the crown,
Yer garments besmathered wid mud,
Ye'd make a guid circus-man's clown;
Ye'r happy wid nary a dud.

Ye nadn't say, ye've only, hic;
Mistaken yer road up the lane;
Faith, and ye'r a dirty ould brick,
No matther whichever ye came.
I've put up wid yer nonsense enuff,
Mickey, so take to the walk this yer day;
Ye nadn't begin now fer to huff,
I'll be glad whin yer out o' the way.

The wee bairnies are all better'n me,
They've gone to the puir saints above,
While ye, you ould haythen, can be,
Ter-morrer a lookin' to rove.
What! ye say ye've gone and enlisted,
And goin' ter leave me fer guid,
And ye've talked and quaffed and persisted,
'Till they've taken yer name as they should!

Troth; and me a poor widder alone,
Ye'll thrample me heart in the dust,
Right here ferninst ye, I'll own,
I'd be happy wid only a crust,
If ye'll be fer not lavin' at all.
Saints! and ye only a foolin',

And feignin' to go to the wall,
Just to see me ardor a coolin'?

Ah! Mickey, fergive me bould clatterin' way,
We'll yit be as happy as mice,
And we'll niver fergit this yer day,
And I'll hev ye some food in a trice.
May the saints all here be a witness,
And our poor wee bairnies that's gone,
May both of our sinses turn witless
If we won't have a happier home."

SIR STEWART MOORE.

(From Harry Lorrequer. (Prose) Done in verse.)

SIR STEWART MOORE, so everyone said,
Was an Irishman gentle by birth;
An official appointment he led,
Which was one of magnificent worth,
He was polished in speech and manner,
With pleasing and courtly address,

With visible badges and banner,
And on privileged rights made a stress.

He had certain ultra-refinement
From intercourse, social and civil;
To others, he made an assignment
Of those that he deemed 'neath his level.

He never partook of a viand
That pleased not his fastidious taste,
He addressed only those of his kind,
And cut his acquaintances chaste.

As then, so there are yet ever those
Who their names in the fashion enroll;
For well-mannered people they pose,
And distinction in class is their goal.
Sir Stewart was for Liverpool bound,
So was another passenger too;
An opposite character found,
And Sir Stewart in excellence grew.

Mrs. Mulrooney, for that was her name,
Possessed a most garrulous tongue;
A squatly, red-faced looking dame;

From the commoner sod she had sprung,
A passenger with waggish intent,
Represented to her that the lord
Was a peddler of pills and foment,
And relieved all from sickness aboard.

At midnight, the vessel was swaying,
As its cargo toward England it bore,
And a voice so familiar was saying,
“Oh Stewart, Stewart, I say, Stewart Moore.”
From the opposite side of the cabin,
Protruded an aristocrat nose,
And a deep voice from out of the din,
Said, “Who startled me out of my doze?”

“Stewart Moore,” said the lady again,
“And will ye still lay there and snore,
And I to stay here like a haythen?
I say, is yer name Stewart Moore?”
“Last night, ma’am, when I entered my birth,
The said title I thought was my name,
But, you have contrived with your mirth,
To make me in doubt of the same.”

“And is it still there, that ye’re lyin’
On the broad of yer back like a fish,
And me here fernint ye a dyin’?

And what is yer thrade wid the Irish,
If it isn’t to wait on the ladies?”

Said Stewart, “The woman must be mad,
With her queer conundrums and ways,
Such casual acquaintance is bad.”

“Come avick,” said Mrs. Mulrooney,
“And give me a dhrop of yer cordial;
Bein’ yer too lazy to come over to me,
Indade and I’ll cross over the hall.”

Sir Stewart rushed out through the cabin,
While the lady continued to bawl;
On deck was loud laughter and din,
And the wag in his crib heard it all.

CELESTIAL WORLD.

WHEN mortal matter, with analagous mind,
Surveys celestial and terrestrial worlds combined,
How into mere insignificance we drop,
Before this mighty power, this universal prop.
At illimitable space we think, and wonder
Why planetary orbs never part asunder;
And, what the origin of the force to bind
Them as a link in one stupendous kind.
With knowledge vast, we would fail to grasp the
plan,
Whereby the Great Infinite Mind drew up the ban.
Worlds upon worlds there are, each with its solar
light,
And numerous fixed stars, with radiance bright;
Each with its blue ethereal vaulted dome,
Its horizon and clouds like mountains made of foam.
Every orb, perhaps, is peopled with its kind,
If this, supposed, be true, we wonder if each mind
Has ideas and conceptions as our own,

Or, is it different in that world unknown?
We leave the infinite, which we cannot descry,
And, what seemeth was not made for human eye,
And pass to earthly things. The mind that digs
and delves,
In the field of inquiry, will learn about ourselves.

TERRESTRIAL WORLD.

THE heavenly worlds, so wrapt in their own destiny,
Have naught to do with us, or our divine decree.
Nor have we aught with them; for, so remote are they,
We only watch their movements in their noiseless way,
As we would see a flock of wild doves sailing o'er,
To warmer tracts and climes, where plenty is in store,
So, we observe their courses, as ever on they roll,
High in the firmament, pacing toward their goal.

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The heavenly things inspire our minds with awe;
But the mind that searches out their hidden law,
Is still more grand; for, it not only does create
A ship, but the force that moves it in majestic
state.

We are all creators in our humble way;
Existed the material before our day;
By power of the mind, it's collected as the dew,
And slumbering thoughts are fanned to life anew.
So the various elements might have been asleep,
When darkness covered o'er the face of all the
deep;
And light was summoned from the gloom, and
thence its ray
Shone forth upon the earth, and light was called
the day.
If they were all created, when light was given
o'er,
One jot or tittle's not detracted from His store,
But, of all the great creations, since the world
began,
Is this power of thought that's in the mind of man.

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